

The Wise MAN's

# PROJECT.

*In THREE PARTS.*

PART I. The indulgent Father's Care for his extravagant Son, with his last Legacy.

PART II. How he spent his Fortune in a Tavern, mortgaged his Land to the Vintner, who soon turn'd him to the Door.

PART III. How he got the Writings of his Estate, from the Vintner, who for Griet cut his Throat. Concluding with the young Man's happy Marriage, and godly Life.



*Licensed and entered according to Order.*



# The WISE MAN'S PROJECT.

Tune of, *The Bleeding Heart.*

'TIS of a Gentleman I write,  
Who had a Son that took Delight,  
By Drunkenness to waste his Store,  
Which griev'd his Father's Heart full sore.

And when his Father did perceive,  
The good Advice which he did give,  
Was all in vain, he did condole  
The State of his Gons precious Soul.

Then he a Project did project,  
Which he by no Means would neglect,  
The Expedition of the same,  
And quickly had it put in Frame.

Near to his House we understand,  
He had a small waste Spot of Land,  
On this he did a Cottage build,  
Which Figure some with Wonder fill'd.

No Window to it did belong,  
Only one Door made very strong;  
It had a large Spring Lock within,  
When all was out none could get in.

The WISE MAN'S PROJECT was its Name,  
Soon after finishing the same,  
This Man was taken ill in his Head,  
Which laid him on his dying Bed.

And

And as he there did sighing lie,  
 With Tears of Grief, he thus did cry,  
 Where is my Son, bring him to me,  
 Before I die his Face to see.

We understand this drunken Sot,  
 He then was to a Tavern got,  
 Who being sent for came to know,  
 Wherefore they did send for him so.

The Father said, I do perceive,  
 With thee I have not long to live;  
 I sent for thee to make my Will,  
 Of which dear Son be mindful still.

I daily see to my Heart's break,  
 This Course of Life which thou dost take,  
 Will soon consume my great Estate,  
 And thou wilt sigh when tis too late.

When thou dost sell or pawn thy I an  
 That Cottage which alone doth stand,  
 Keep to thyself and Son be sure,  
 That you never break open that Door.

Until thou hast consumed all,  
 And art despised by great and small;  
 Then open it and thou shalt find,  
 Something to ease thy troubled Mind.

## P A R T II.

**S**OON after this the Father dy'd,  
 When gone, the Son did Master ride;  
 The Father left in House, 'tis told,  
 Two hundred Pounds in shining Gold.

Which in six Months this Gallant spent,  
 In a Tavern he did frequent;  
 Then to the Vintner, as we hear,  
 He mortgag'd two hundred a Year.

He

He then receiv'd three hundred Pounds,  
Which he profusely up and down,  
In eighteen Months he did consume,  
When gone cold Hunger was his Doom.

When he through Folly was grown poor,  
In the Tavern where he spent his Store,  
From Box to Box would daily tink,  
For now and then a Draught of Drink.

One Time as he was standing there,  
With hungry Looks and Coat Thread bare,  
Two gallants sat a drinking Wine.  
Who to this young Man prov'd unkind.

One said, Landlord, come here, I pray,  
And take this Fellow hence away,  
He is no Company for us,  
So then the Vinter with a Curse,

Fast by the Shoulders did him take,  
And grievously he did him shake,  
And said, begone, come here no more,  
So then he kick'd him out of Doors.

To be thus turn'd out in the Night,  
In this most sad and dismal Plight,  
And no one would him entertain,  
So in the Street he did remain.

And in the Morning when it was Day,  
With a deep Sigh he thus did say,  
Now like the foolish drunken Slave,  
My Father's Will fulfil'd I have.

Sharp is the Hunger which I feel,  
I cannot beg, nor will not steal;  
So now it is nigh Time for me,  
To go my Legacy to see.

Having

Having but one String to his Bow,  
 He went and got an Iron Crowe,  
 And to the Cottage doer did hie,  
 Where he by Force did make it fly.

When he came in to blast his Hope,  
 Did see a Gibbet and a Rope;  
 And under this was plac'd a Stool,  
 Which made him look much like a Fool.

He smote his Breast, and cry'd, O dear!  
 What Ruin is prepared here,  
 It makes my blooming Joints to shake,  
 My Heart to bleed and Soul to quake.

As my Father did thus forsee,  
 That I his Darling hang'd should be,  
 His Legacy I will embrace,  
 And end my Days here in this Place.

Then this young Man who did lament,  
 Upon the Stool he sitting went,  
 And there his precious Life to check,  
 He plac'd the Rope about his Neck.

Saying, Farewel, thou vile of Sin,  
 Which I so long have toiled in,  
 And when these Words he had spoke  
 jump'd off, and down the Gibbet broke.

Up in the Ceiling there behold,  
 The Father had plac'd a Bag of Gold,  
 Which when the Gibbet, came down,  
 About his Ears a Thousand Pound.

It mauld him so as it appears  
 The Blood run down about his Ears,  
 Like one amazed, sometimes he lay,  
 When Senses came he thus did say.

My Soul is fill'd with great Surprize,  
 What Gold is here before my Eyes

Altho'

And as he there did sighing lie,  
This Golden Plaster will it cure.

Bless'd be his Soul who did contrive,  
This project when he was alive,  
And whilst on Earth I do remain,  
I never will be drunk again.

So then with Speed he did provide,  
This Heap of shining Gold to hide,  
And heaving made all Things secure,  
Went out and fasten'd up the Door.

### P A R T III.

**S**TRAIGHT he to the Tavern went,  
Where he his Substance thus had spent,  
And being wise took with him then,  
Two very sober Gentlemen,

And when the Vintner did him view,  
With Frowns he in a Passion grew,  
And said, thou lousy shaggy Sor,  
Since the last Night hast thou forgot,

How then I turn'd thee out of Door,  
How durst thou come here any more!  
Go get the gone and that with Speed,  
Or else I'll kick thee out indeed.

The young Man said, Thou cruel Knave,  
The Deeds of all my Land you have;  
With thou I spent five hundred Pound,  
Now poor what makes thee on me frown.

The Vintner said, thou sottish Clown,  
Thou hast of me three hundred Pound,  
Go fetch one hundred Pounds, and thou  
Shalt have thy Land again of me.

The young Man said I'm apt to think,  
If try'd you'd from your Word shrink,  
The Vintner, said to this I'll stand,  
And give a Note under my Hand.

To-morrow by the hour of Ten,  
Bring me one hundred Pounds and then  
Thou shalt see I mean no lill,  
What I have said perform I will.

Having this Note immediately,  
They to this Cottage thus did hie.  
And in two Canvas Bags, 'tis told,  
They put this hundred Pound in Gold.

Next Morning by the Hour of Ten,  
They to the Tavern went again,  
Where with these noble Bags of Chink,  
They sat them down a Glass to drink.

He said, Landlord, come here thou Churl,  
And see this famous golden World,  
The Vintner said, that will not do,  
For I was but in Jest with you.

So then the Gentlemen reply'd,  
Sir, we are witnesses on his Side,  
The Note you gave it will you cast,  
And he will have his Land at last.

The Vintner swore I'm finely nick'd;  
The Biter by a Sot is trick'd;  
The first End is the best, so I  
Do think it Wisdom to comply.

So then the Deeds of all the Land,  
He put in the right Owner's Hand,  
Who on the Table paid him down,  
Before Witnesses, one hundred Pound.

This being done, away he went,  
Leaving the Vintner to lament,  
Who like a Bird catch'd in a Snare,  
Most bitterly did curse and swear.

At last I am come basely off,  
For this the World will at me scoff,  
As I have been outwitted so,  
They'd laugh at me where e'er I go.

Then being tempted by the Devil,  
This Vintner to augment his Evil,  
In frightful Manner as we hear,  
He cut his Throat from Ear to Ear.

See here how Fate amongst us rule,  
This Vintner like a graceless Fool,  
Who to the young Man prov'd a Churl,  
In Blood and Sin he left the World.

And this young Man who to excess,  
Consum'd his Store in Drunkenness;  
He is alive and does repent,  
Like one that's a true Penitent.

Blessing the Lord who gave him Breath,  
Saying while he is on the Earth,  
All Vice by him shall be a abhorr'd,  
And will take Care to serve the Lord.

The Widow and the Fatherless,  
And others that are in Distress,  
If they come begging to his Gate  
He does relieve them small and great.

Being reform'd at such a Rate,  
Having a good and large Estate,  
A rich Man's Daughter near the Town,  
He marry'd with two thousand Pound.

Now to conclude, young Men be wise,  
Set you this Glass before your Eyes,  
For in it you may plainly see,  
When Men are poor, how slighted be.